Where Else Can I Look

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Where Else Can I Look

by Bordementions

Summary

Opera can’t help but yearn for a pair of eyes that will never look his way

Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The droning hum of your office lights was the only company you tolerated willingly, especially at this time. It was consistent. It wasn't loud. And it certainly didn't strike poses.

You flipped a page of the training regimen for the upcoming season, your pen scratching a harsh line through a stamina drill that you deemed inefficient. The data on the screen to your left refreshed with split times, lactate threshold graphs, and projected recovery periods. This was the job. The math. The science. The winning. Everything else was just noise, and lately, the noise you'd noticed, had been deafening.

Bang!

The door exploded open. The hinges groaned in protest as a massive, towering figure swept into the room, bringing with her a gust of wind that smelled overpoweringly like too much cologne.

"Haaah ha ha ha! The Overlord returns, triumphant might I add!" T.M. Opera O stood in the doorway, and as always, she was simply too much. He had to duck significantly just to clear the frame, his crown scraping the top of the jamb. He straightened up, filling the room instantly.

The sheer mass of him was suffocating—shoulders broad enough to block out the hallway light, thighs like tree trunks wrapped in white silk and gold trim, the muscles in his arms distinct even when be was just standing there.

He struck a pose, cape swirling, right hand thrown up towards the ceiling as if grasping a star.

"Did you hear the fanfare, Trainer? Did you feel the earth tremble?" He took a heavy, thudding step forward, his boots clanking against the floorboards. "The G1 trophy is mine! Another jewel for the crown! I shone so brightly the sun itself grew jealous!"

You didn't look up from your paperwork. You simply reached for your coffee mug, taking a slow sip.

"Close the door, Opera," you said, your voice flat.

"You're letting the AC out."

His chest was heaving, the gold medals pinned there rising and falling

rapidly. He was still in his race gear, likely having run straight here from the winners' circle before even changing. But he obeyed, quickly closing it before turning back to you

"It was a magnificent performance," he continued, his voice dropping slightly, wavering just a fraction when you didn't immediately react. "A true show of speed and power. The crowd... they chanted my name. But alas... I uhm… I looked to the stands, searching for the one set of eyes that truly matter, and... I could not find you."

He leaned down, placing both gauntleted hands on the edge of your desk. The wood groaned. He was close enough that you could feel the heat radiating off his massive body, the byproduct of the immense caloric burn of a racehorse. His purple eyes were wide, sparkling with a manic, desperate intensity, searching your face for a spark.

He paused, the silence stretching out, begging to be filled.

You finally stopped writing. You set the pen down, aligning it perfectly with the edge of the paper, and looked up. You had to crane your neck back to meet his gaze, even with him leaning down.

"I wasn't there," you stated simply.

Opera cringed a little bit. His ears, topped with those golden ornaments, twitched nervously. "Ah... yes! Of course! A busy schedule fitting for the trainer of such mastery! But surely... surely you watched the broadcast… at least? You saw my final stretch? The way I tore through the pack, just like we practiced?"

"I saw the results on the feed," you said, picking up a stapler to collate a report. "First place. Good."

More silence. He seemingly hated it but you didn’t really care.

It was heavy and uncomfortable. You could hear him breathing—ragged, fast. A drop of sweat rolled down his temple, cutting through the light layer of dirt that came from the running. He wasn't just sweating from the exertion of the race; she was vibrating with anxiety. You could see his large, powerful hands gripping the edge of your desk, flexing constantly like he was in pain.

He needed something. A "good job." A smile. A pat on the head. He was practically vibrating with the need for it, a golden retriever the size of a minivan begging for a treat.

"It... it was a difficult field," he tried again, his voice losing a bit of that booming projection. It sounded thinner now. "Second place was pushing hard on the inside. And the rest of the pack... t-they were persistent. But I... I held them off. I thought of you, Trainer! I thought, 'I must show them my radiance! I must make them proud to stand by the Overlord!'"

"You're the top seed, Opera," you cut in, sounding bored. "Beating them isn't an accomplishment; it's the baseline requirement. If you had lost, then we'd have something to talk about."

He flinched. Physically flinched, as if you'd taken a whip to his flank. His mouth opened, then closed. He adjusted her cape nervously, his eyes darting around the room, landing on the stack of papers, your coffee mug, anywhere but your cold, dismissive eyes.

"Right," he laughed, but it was a hollow, cracking sound. "Hah... yes. Naturally! The Overlord does not... failure is not an option. You are correct to expect nothing less than perfection! I simply... I thought..."

He trailed off. He was leaning so close you could see the twitch of his lips, the way his pupils were dilated. He looked exhausted. Not physically—his body was a marvel of stamina—but mentally, he looked like glass about to shatter. He wanted you to look at him, look at him in any way that wasn't that.

"Is there anything else?" you asked, picking up your pen again. "I have to finish this regimen before five."

Opera swallowed hard. The grandiose mask slipped, revealing someone terrified underneath the golden armor.

"I... I can wait," he stammered, the volume dropping to a whisper. "I'll... I'll just wait here. Until you're done. Maybe then we can... go for dinner? Or review the race? I can tell you about the turn on the third corner, it was..."

You sighed. It was a loud, exaggerated exhale through your nose.

"Sit down then," you commanded without looking up. "And be quiet. I can't concentrate with you looming over me like a parade float."

"Yes! Yes, of course!"

He scrambled back, nearly knocking over a coat rack with his massive cape. "My apologies! I shall be silent as a shadow! You won't even

know the Overlord is present!"

He hurried to the small leather sofa in the corner of the office—a piece of furniture not designed with his size in mind. When he sat, the frame sank under his weight a little, and his knees stuck up awkwardly high. He sat hunched over, trying to make himself small, clutching his knees with those gold-ringed fingers.

He watched you. You could feel his eyes boring into the side of your head, desperate and wet. He wiped a hand across his forehead, smearing sweat, he chest tight. He had won the biggest race of the season, and he looked like he was about to cry.

Eventually though, you capped your pen. The sharp click echoed like a gunshot in the quiet office. You exhaled, pushing the stack of completed racing projections to the side, and swiveled your chair around.

Opera was exactly where you had left him. He hadn't moved a muscle, though the tension in his frame was obvious. He was hunched forward on the small leather sofa, his massive hands clasped tightly between his knees, staring at the floorboards with an intensity that suggested he was trying to burn through them with his mind. The sweat from his anxiety had made the leather beneath him damp.

"Opera," you said, your voice cutting through the air.

He jolted, his head snapping up so fast he nearly lost his crown.

"Yes! Yes, Trainer! I am here! I—I did not sleep, I was merely meditating on my victory!"

"Relax," you said, standing up. You stretched your arms over your head, hearing your own back crack. "I'm taking five. You stayed quiet. Good boy."

The praise was meager, a scrap of dry crust thrown to a starving wolf, but Opera devoured it. His purple eyes widened, shimmering with instant, pathetic wetness.

"I... naturally! The Overlord knows the value of silence! It is the pause between the notes that makes the symphony grand!"

You walked over to the sofa. He watched your every movement, his gaze tracking you like a radar dish. You sat down next to him, and the cushion immediately listed heavily to his side, his sheer weight and

density dragging you into his gravity well.

Up close, the size difference was comical; your head barely cleared his shoulder, and his thigh was thicker than your waist.

You didn't look at him, staring instead at the wall opposite. "Well? You won. You wanted a reward."

Opera froze. His breath hitched in his chest. He looked at you, then at your hands resting in your lap, then back at your face. He was trembling. He wanted to touch you—you could see the muscles in his arms twitching with the impulse—but he was terrified of overstepping, of breaking this fragile moment of tolerance.

"I... may I?" he whispered, his voice cracking, stripping away the grandiose persona entirely for a second.

You gave a small, indifferent shrug. "Go ahead."

That was all the permission he needed.

He moved with a sudden, desperate speed, collapsing the distance between you. He didn't grab you; instead, he practically threw himself into your space, turning his body so he was facing you, his knees bumping against yours.

"Look, Trainer! Look at me!" He flexed his arm, the white fabric of his sleeve straining dangerously against the bicep. "My form was perfect today! I honed this vessel just for you! Did you see the definition in the replays? I made sure my posture was immaculate even across the finish line! I am beautiful, am I not? I am the strongest for you!"

He was pleading. His face was flushed, his eyes searching yours for any sign of approval. He leaned down, looming over you, blocking out the office lights.

"You're serviceable," you said coolly, reaching out to poke the rock-hard muscle of his arm. "You've maintained your muscle mass. I'm glad."

"Glad..." He breathed the word like it was a holy scripture. "Yes... yes, glad. I am worthy of your guidance."

He reached out, his large hand hovering over yours. When you didn't pull away, he seized your hand. His grip was encompassing, his long fingers easily swallowing your entire fist. He brought your hand to his

face, bowing his head low.

"Thank you," he murmured against your skin. "Thank you for looking at me."

He pressed his lips to the back of your hand. Then again to your knuckles. Then he turned your hand over, burying his face in your palm. His lips were hot and wet, moving feverishly against your skin. He inhaled deeply, dragging your scent into his lungs as if it were oxygen and he had been suffocating for hours.

"I shone so bright," he mumbled into your palm, his eyes squeezing shut, a tear leaking out to run down his nose. "I shone for you. Only for you. Tell me I did good. Please. Just once."

It was pathetic. A G1 winner, a national icon, reduced to nuzzling your hand like a lonely foal because you couldn't be bothered to watch his race.

"You won," you said, your voice devoid of emotion. You used your free hand to pat his head, your fingers brushing against the gold rim of his crown. "That's what you're paid to do."

He shuddered at the touch, leaning into your hand so hard his neck cricked. "Yes... yes... I won for you..."

He kissed your wrist, his tongue darting out briefly to taste the skin there, desperate for connection, for a tether. He was vibrating, the adrenaline of the race mixing with the crash of his anxiety, creating a cocktail of pure, unadulterated need. He looked like he might pass out from the sheer relief of being touched.

You let him have it for another ten seconds. Then, the break was over.

"Alright," you said, pulling your hand back.

He resisted for a fraction of a second—a subconscious, instinctive clamp of his fingers—before he realized what he was doing and released you instantly as if he'd been burned.

"I... my apologies!" He sat up straight, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, his chest heaving. He looked bereft, cold instantly without the contact. "I—I got carried away by the passion of the moment! The Overlord's emotions are as vast as the ocean!"

"Work to do," you said, standing up and smoothing out your skirt. You

walked back to your desk, not looking back at him. The moment was gone. The transaction was complete.

Opera sat there for a moment longer, blinking, looking at his own empty hands. He looked small again, despite his size.

"Right," he whispered. Then, louder, forcing the mask back on with a painful grin. "Right! Hah ha! Of course! The duties of a Trainer are never-ending! I shall leave you to your machinations!"

He stood up, his boots heavy on the floor. He lingered at the door, his hand on the knob, looking back at you one last time. He was waiting for a goodbye. A 'good luck'. Anything.

You picked up your pen and started underlining a figure on the budget sheet.

"Close the door on your way out," you said.

Opera’s smile faltered, twitching at the corners. "Yes... yes, Trainer."

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